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### (Un)balance

Sandra Birmingham

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## *Sandra Birmingham*

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### **(Un)balance**

#### **(Un)balance**

Yesterday I leaned against the wind,  
rested in its arms and felt it push  
invisible at my back.  
It pressed. I leaned,  
leaned hard until I broke  
through, and stumbled  
toward the ground, knowing the wind  
can't be depended upon, still hoping  
a sudden breeze might catch and  
push me up again, balanced on nothing.

It's a delicate thing, this sitting on air.  
Settle in, arms out, eyes closed and a gust  
knocks you forward, or worse  
the air is sucked still,  
leaving only gravity.

And so it is with us sometimes  
when we forget to cling  
to solidness, when we let go,  
let the shadows scratch us hollow,  
until we shiver, transparent as wind.

In those thin times we lie back,  
tense, soul to soul,  
each trusting that the other can be trusted,  
coordinating movements while we hope  
that nothing will upset the equilib-  
rium and cause you  
to topple, or  
me to pitch  
headlong.